

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

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SPRING.

Spring has arrived, have ye not heard her voice?

The birds are warbling in the waking wood;

The breezes kiss the earth in joyous mood.

No jarring sound the harmony annoys,

But all is tending to elicit joys.

Sweet violets peep forth all purple-hued,

With choicest odors are their lips imbued.

O let us flee from city's deaf'ning noise!

Like silv'ry snakes creep forth the full-fed streams,

In azure splendor shines the vernal sky.

The sun, in Nature's crown a diamond, gleams,

Pours forth great radiance and delights the eye.

Wake up, wake up, from sleep and wint'ry dreams,

O man, forget thy sorrow and thy sigh.

XAVIER J. JAEGER '03.



THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

EDGAR ALLEN POE, who defined poetry as *a rhythmical creation of beauty*, considered it an art destined solely for man's amusement; Longfellow, however, demanded a more substantial background than mere ephemeral beauty to satisfy his concept of ideal poetry. Whilst he did not deny beauty of thought and expression, the most prominent place among the elements that combined for his art's perfection; whilst he considered it the life-giving principle of poetry; he with the self-same stroke of beauty sought to elevate and even to instruct, yet to instruct like a poet, not like a prose writer. Hence we see the opposite paths which these two geniuses have trodden. Poe's fancy roams with predilection in an ideal world, disdaining the common themes of life, which, on the contrary, form the staple of Longfellow's poetry. His muse, reeling in despair, pours from her giddy heights a solemn, oppressive gloom over the reader's mind; Longfellow's maid is noble, pleasing, soothing. The former, beholding her companion in an humble, unpretentious garb, predicted the death of her fame; how false the prophecy, experience proves. Longfellow remains to this day America's most popular poet.

In Evangeline "the poet of the people" paid his tribute to the civilized settler; in the "Song of Hiawatha" the savage native too received due acknowledgment from his genius. The Indian, however, does not appear as Cooper generally pictures him, burning with passion, wielding the bloodstained tomahawk, roaving wildly through the land; no, Longfellow depicts his peaceful life,

his relation to his friends, to his family, to his divinities. The poet endeavored to show that

“Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness
Touch God’s right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened.”

Longfellow has thus dispersed many a dark cloud of prejudice that hung over the Indian’s name; he has stimulated research into the aborigines’ history and character; he has indeed “discovered America” for his people.

The poem is a collection of favorite Indian myths. According to the author’s own testimony, his alterations of the original are insignificant. In fact, the simple and exceedingly Indian-like character of the myths—sometimes mere allegories,—clearly speak for the fact.

Hiawatha is the hero of the epic. To his mind history attributes the honor of having combined, or at least planned and endeavored to combine the famous five Indian tribes. Howsoever this may be, his character as it appears in the poem, is certainly sufficiently noble, active, and in every respect such as was required for so comprehensive an enterprise. After a mysterious birth from the West-Wind and Wenonah, he begins to instruct his people in the arts of peace and to deliver them from those evils that harass them and disfigure the country. His every thought and action is directed to his people’s welfare. For this reason he is swift of foot, firm in trials, undaunted in battle. Yet, as we Christians view him, his character is tarnished by a spirit of revenge, and when led by that passion he becomes false, false to his very father. However these are defects which

in Hiawatha's position were perhaps considered noble attributes by the Indians. The author's merit rises or sinks accordingly as he more or less perfectly represents an ideal Indian hero; and regarded thus, Longfellow's merit is surely great.

The same lines that narrate the exploits of Hiawatha, depict the charming beauty of American scenery. Already in *Evangeline*, Longfellow displayed his extraordinary descriptive powers, so much so that two European artists who studied the scenes of the poem, are said to have created paintings so strikingly similar that one could easily be misjudged as a copy from the other. No observing reader can fail to discover a like abundance and excellence of natural pictures in the *Song of Hiawatha*; yet, the poet seemingly neglects this part of his art; only on a more careful study do we perceive a master's hand. Excepting some minor instances, the author never attempts to control the reader's interest by a long enumeration and delineation of resting or immovable objects, a kind of description which frequently enters into the pages of the *Tale of Arcadia*. Hiawatha is all action; description seems to appear only when called forth by necessity, and even then the action is so attractive and advances so briskly that description escapes our notice.

Longfellow sometimes employs a peculiar method of sketching inanimate objects. When he wishes to picture the peace-pipe, he does not satisfy the reader by merely mentioning its constituent parts, their color, and their several modes of combination, for such description would be dead of interest indeed. "Gitche Manito, the mighty," however, is made to construct and beautify the entire pipe by peacemeal, and

when the Great Spirit has completed his task, the reader does not only possess a more perfect knowledge of the pipe than he could have obtained by a simple description, but he has acquired this knowledge in a more pleasing manner. Thus, too, a boat is built by Hiawatha, instead of being subjected to a passive sketching of its components. Longfellow gives the history of an object and thus divests description of many of its prosaic tendencies. Homer is the teacher of this kind of description. Lessing pointed out its excellence in the *Iliad*, and since then many other writers have introduced it into their works.

Besides our poet's delineative talents in the *Song of Hiawatha*, his choice of verse and the style have been greatly extolled. Indeed, both proclaim a master. The simple tetrameter easily coalesces with the simple diction and with an almost childlike manner of narration. This simplicity becomes still more worthy of admiration, if we consider how perfectly it is adapted to a poem that sings the primitive state of a race, the plain and open manners of the American Indian. The verse, however, was not invented by the poet, a statement which was made by some illiterate critics; yet this can detract little from the author's fame, for, as a writer justly remarked, "to select in such cases is sometimes as difficult as to invent."

The style in the *Song of Hiawatha* becomes peculiarly fascinating and musical; it receives a singularly idiomatic character of beauty from the numerous Indian names that are dispersed throughout the work. These embellishments and advantages which the poem derives from them, however, do not seem to me the principal reason why they were introduced by the author. These words aid, perhaps more than anything else, in adapting the style to the character of the piece; the language

too, as it were, becomes Indian. Only an artist could have clothed the body in so suitable a dress. It is especially this refined taste in composition that distinguishes the master from the novice.

The immediate fame of Hiawatha surpassed even that of Evangeline. Later, it is true, the Tale of Arcadia again obtained the superiority, yet the rivalry was certainly fair. A study of both poems must carry with it this conviction. The commencement of the two epics evidently proclaims the same author. The following are some initiating lines of Evangeline:

“Ye who believe in affection that hopes and endures and
is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's
affection,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of
the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Arcadie, home of the happy.”

A sweet echo of these sentiments rings in our ear when we read the introduction to the Song of Hiawatha:

“Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadows of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
* * * * *
Listen to these wild traditions
To this Song of Hiawtha.”

Evangeline is more the product of Longfellow's own mind than the Song of Hiawatha. In the latter poem, the timber lay rudely hewn before the author; the nicer work only remained to be done. Hence it may appear to some that the writer's task was much facilitated. Indeed, the construction of a building was thus rendered easier; however, the erection of a superb edifice, the sculpturing of an eternal monument to his fame, this was a task which became hard and troublesome; nor has the author entirely surmounted

this difficulty. Had Longfellow been permitted to add or reject facts according to his pleasure, he could have embellished many parts of the poem which now appear in plain dress. Besides, the Song of Hiawatha is on this account destitute of a plot. The incidents merely follow in a logical succession. Its hero enters upon the stage of life, acts his part with fair interest to the audience, yet whilst the audience is still indulging in the fullest expectations, he by an abrupt departure concludes the drama. On the contrary, when the poet sings in Evangeline,

“And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her
bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, ‘Father, I
thank thee.’ ”

then we feel that the tale is told. — Both epics possess an unconfused and natural delineation of character, (in as far as mythical persons may be considered true to nature;) yet, owing to this very naturalness of character, we find deeper and nobler sentiment in the Tale of Arcadia. The persons in Hiawatha are moved to heroic exertions, either by a sort of natural religion, or by the profit accruing from them. They are perfect strangers to that deep-rooted, edifying Catholicity which pervades the bosom of the Arcadian peasantry.—A delightful, gentle ease characterizes all of Longfellow’s writings. Truly, the very nature of Evangeline is meekness; however, even the most terrific scenes in Hiawatha he depicts with a kind of beautiful sublimity, a sweet majesty, and a charming grandeur.

The Song of Hiawatha stands unique in its kind. The author stepped into an untrodden, mysterious region; his ringing voice brought life into the primeval forests that crowned the American soil, and thus he has undoubtedly endeared

himself to that people, whose songs to sing was the golden goal of his ambition. A noble aim of a noble soul! An aim whose aspirant was worthy indeed to obtain a well-earned and undecaying crown of glory! A. A. SCHUETTE. '03.

THE ROSE.

Rose, thou art a beauteous flower,
Glowing in the sunny ray;
Thy sweet odors are delighting
All who wander by the way.

One defect, O royal flower,
Does thy queenly garb betray;
For its beauty, all its splendor
Fleets, alas! too soon away.

Rose:

"Learn O man from me a lesson:
Hast perhaps a loving friend?
Think, he's but a fragile flower
That will find a timely end.

"Live in peace and joy together
With your friends—life's flowers gay;
Be delighted at their odors,
For they bloom but one short day.

"Lo, how earthly joys are fleeting!
Naught remaineth as it is.
Seek in true and loving friendship
After God, thy only bliss!"

V. H.



ETERNAL PRIESTHOOD.

In honor of the Class Ordained March 14, 1902.

I.

In obscure traits the covenant of old
Announced the law of grace and love divine;
Its noblest feature, Aaron's sacred line,
Was but a transient shadow, short-lived, cold.
The priests of Christ a nobler office hold,
A higher, grander state, which to define
Were knowing God, were fathoming His design;
Their power, as God's, is great and manifold.
Like angels leading men to Heaven's abode
The priests direct the soul as faithful guide
Through labyrinths....alleviate the load.
Their heart's the tabernacle, place of rest
Where daily God descends in love to abide.
In them Christ lives, in them the world is blessed.

II.

The noblest model stands before our eye:
'Tis God, obedient, humble, mild and meek,
Who dwelt with man to bless, not vengeance wreak,
For God offended came for all to die.
"Let children," kindly spoke the Lord, "come nigh,
Exclude no one, for I have come to seek
The erring, helpless souls, the sick and weak.
The'r guide and pastor, king and God am I."
And as the High Priest, the Eternal King,
His royal Son, the priest of God must be;
To pray and preach, to save and solace bring
His one great aim In forests dark and cold
A straying lamb the shepherd's voice may flee,
Ere night it rests securely in the fold.

III.

The priest is the prophetic morning star
That ushers in the Sun of life, whose light
Dispels the dark and bondage of the night.
Like olive trees that spread sweet odor far
O'er desert land the priests a refuge are
For sickened souls who parted the right.
The Holy Ghost made them his beacon bright
That none the harbor's safety will debar.
The lily in her spotless white attire,
The rose in deepest hue and glowing fire
Are chaste and fervent love personified;
But in God's garden flowers we admire
Before whose splendor lilies fade; the pride
Of roses wanes before Christ's noble bride. •

IV.

How brightly shines in virtue's garb the array
Of spotless virgin souls; immortal fame
In golden letters writes their memorable name.
Their life was precious . . . blessings mark the way,
And while their soul departs, they bless and pray.
And like a child, aweary from the game,
In slumber dreams that mother with presents came,
Sweet memories lull them to sleep for age.
As love and longing was for God alone
On angels' hands they're borne before His throne,
To wear a crown, that marks the priestly king
And o'er their bliss a special glory throws,
To chant the hymn which virgins only sing
And follow Christ the lamb where'er it goes.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '00.

INFLUENTIAL MEN.

WE tread upon the pathway of life and there gazing upon that immense panorama, we behold a countless number of portraits. As we contemplate this interesting spectacle a certain peculiarity becomes manifest. Upon this vast expanse we distinguish in those portraits the countless number of mortal beings that from the time of man's creation breathed earth's vital air. Everyone had a part to perform in this great drama of life, and though insignificant the roll may appear for some, still before the eye of the Almighty it assumes a far different aspect.

Bearing in mind these important facts, a question naturally looms up before our minds, and that is, what part is each individual destined to perform? The answer we must give to this is no other than that the abilities of man are so distributed that by their correct application the progress of the world may continue without interruption. We find, however, that man in his obstinacy sometimes uses these gifts perversely for the accomplishment of his designs, and hence we perceive but a derogatory movement in the progress of the world. On this occasion, however, we do not wish to treat of the unsuccessful attempts of certain men, but we desire briefly to delineate the success that correctly applied ability attains.

They that apply these gifts bestowed upon them by God, and arrive at the culmination of fame and pre-eminence are without doubt the possessors of special characteristics which are not possessed by the majority of mankind. These special characteristics raise them above their fellow-mortals and bestow upon them the undisputed right of ruling and guiding. These men wield with their mighty genius an unlimited influence

over the mass of human beings. These great potentates of wisdom and sagacity are classified under various names, but the title under which we shall attempt to portray them all is, *influential men*.

On glancing at the pages of history, that faithful recorder of deeds of men, we behold a nation at the zenith of power and greatness. It has conquered all the petty dominions within its reach, and now we find this nation swaying o'er lands whereon the sun never sets. We are astounded at its strength, and we pass a few pages farther wondering what the outcome might be. A few years have past, and that once powerful nation has declined; its greatness has passed into oblivion.

Many may ask what was the cause of this nation's fall, once so great? We may adduce various causes, such as indolence, immorality, debauchery, etc., but the main cause of that nation's fall was the absence of true influential men. Had the nation possessed these mighty intellects, its downfall would have been averted, for these men would have in the very beginning detected what was detrimental to the safety of the state. Nay, they would have even by their powerful faculties converted these evil designs into benefits and advantages for the state. As, however, these influential men were wanting, the inferior minds knew not how to overcome the prevailing evils, and thus the country by degrees became ruined.

We cannot estimate what a bulwark of power and greatness influential men are to a state. With unequalled discretion and skillful discernment they raise their nation to the height of splendor and prosperity. In whatever sphere it may be that the nation may progress, they contribute their energies that all the nation's endeavors may

be successful. That they are generally successful we cannot doubt, for observation has assured us of this fact.

To amply elucidate this statement we may produce and present examples which prove these assertions. Thus may we account for the long duration of pre eminence which the Roman empire held, for during the years of its existence it possessed some of the mightiest geniuses that the world has ever beheld. Resources were not wanting to them, and thus the country rose in magnificence as well as power. Yet, when these influential men had past away, there arose persons incapable of guiding the nation, and then we behold proud and mighty Rome vanish and leave but a trace behind. The Roman empire is but one example of the numerous instances which history presents to our view.

At all times have there been influential men in various countries, and thus we find that every country, according to the number of the seluminaries, rose and maintained its supremacy. Greece, Carthage, Egypt, and all ancient nations were once blessed for a time with these great men. Greece, particularly, when at the height of her power, possessed men of such gifted intellects that to-day the world stands in awe and admiration at the deeds they performed; deeds that cannot be equaled by man in our present time and century.

In modern times we perceive no difference, and every mighty power to-day possesses men equal to every emergency. Men whose tact and ingenuity are shown in all their proceedings, whether it be in diplomacy, industry, or government. They so skillfully extricate the nation from her difficulties that they must receive the plaudits of all, even their enemies. Can anyone present a more


striking ideal of recent times than one of England's greatest statesmen, Gladstone? Who would fail to give the just encomiums due to the merits of this illustrious person.

We need not, however, pass beyond the ocean's waves to find these great minds, but let us remain within our own country and there upon its hallowed shores we behold a host of these brilliant personages. A striking contrast is presented to us at the time of the Revolution between England and the Colonists. England possessed but few influential men, and those that were influential had not the power to grant to the Colonists the rights which they asserted. The English Parliament was ruled by a crowd of blue-brained aristocrats, who looked upon the Colonists as but a few offending children that deserved a severe punishment for their transgressions. They imagined the Colonists were yet weak, and thus they wished to compel them to submit to all their impositions. Our Colonists, however, knew that the causes for which they fought were just, and they at the same time possessed by far more influential men than England. Within its domain were minds capable of overcoming every obstacle and attaining the goal of success. They were fully assured that the influence they wielded was just, and hence they achieved their desired freedom. Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and a multitude of others, shall ever remain foremost in the number of those men who by their influence guided our country through the most trying period, and who by their exertions laid the foundation of one of the greatest republics of modern times. Since then our country has continued to possess influential men, and thus we find ourselves at the height of prosperity, achieving nearly all the blessings of liberty which a nation may desire.

Yet, when we behold the drift of our country to-day our minds are filled with fear, for the number of staunch and true influential men is decreasing. The motives which actuate the majority of them are not always for the welfare and advancement of their country. Alas, too often are self-honor and self-interest the main spring of their actions. Shall therefore our fair land continue in the future as it has in the past? The reply we must give is, that as long as we shall continue to possess true influential men, our progress shall be assured, but as soon as debilitated minds shall assume the power in the doings of our government, then it is that our great nation shall begin to crumble. For then no more shall our bright land be supported by those mighty pillars that raised it towering far above all other nations.

Thus, in perusing the records of every nation and people, we see all these facts most strikingly verified. Having finished our research, we must without doubt come to the conclusion that influential men are the most important factors in the progress and destinies of the world. They are the guiding stars illuminating the path poor mortals wish to tread in order to safely reach eternity. As God has destined the shining stars to wander unswervingly on their path, so also has He ordained that influential men shall lead those inferior to them. We therefore must look up to these mighty geniuses with a childlike simplicity to do their bidding, for the truths which flow from their golden mouths are to us the sure pledges of happiness.

HENRY A. HOERSTMAN, '03.



'TWERE JOY.

'Twere joy to wander like the brooklet
So playfully through woods and lea;
To greet the flowers, Spring's fair children,
That bend to spy their effigy.

'Twere joy like golden stars to twinkle
And comfort shed o'er the dark night
Like flowers of heaven's blue to blossom,
Like diamonds, shedding brilliant light.

'Twere joy to bloom as fragrant flowers
In forests, near a bubbling spring;
To fill the air with sweet aroma
Till loving hands to rest us bring.

'Twere joy to sing like birds in spring-time
When happy love awakes in song;
To sing of aching hearts the echo
That all forget stern Winter's wrong.

'Twere happiness, 'twere joy's full measure
To lisp in accents of a child;
In childlike plays, to feel like children,
As spotless souls live unbeguiled.

'Twere happiness, 'twere joy of Heaven
To speak to God as children pray;
To love with childlike warmth and fervor
And walk through life,—a child each day.

A. G.


THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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EDITORIALS.

The spring days with their leafy lullabies and siren allurements have pounced upon us softly and gracefully. These are the days when young blood and youthful energy run riot, when the ripe thwack of the ball and bat, the twang of a racket, and whoop of the minim are music to the ear. But caution, even in our joy. Let not the animal within us destroy in the last few weeks what mind and soul have garnered during the solid winter months.

It seems to be a peculiarly characteristic trait of the American boy, and of the college boy, in particular, to inscribe with knife or scribble with pencil his name in all odd and public places. It is a saying and one with a grain of truth,

“That fools’ names and fools’ faces
Are always seen in public places.”

While the delinquent may not always be a fool, yet he lacks the make-up of a wise man. He needs to be taught delicacy of feeling and self-respect. Such a practice becomes doubly disgusting when we thus use the names of others familiarly and without respect. To see names of students on blackboards, newspapers or in library books, with caricatures or vile epithets beneath them, grates harshly on the feelings of the gentlemanly students and gives rise for the moment to a profound feeling of contempt for the culprit. We should remember that our signature, like our opinion should be in evidence only when needed, then it will be respected. It should appear only in order to give credit to our own soul for the truth it expresses. We should employ it at the proper time and in the proper manner, then with force and decision, like Thomas Carrol of Carrolton.

Perhaps the Catholic Church, her attitude towards Catholic education, and heroic defence and protection of the parochial school, will be better understood and appreciated when we learn some cold facts wired from the South. Mrs. Irene MacFayden says that in southern mills, of which there are 663, there are hundreds and thousands of children *under six years of age* working *twelve hours a day*. In Alabama there are 1200 under twelve working in mills. In two or three states it is the rule and not the exception that the negro sends his children to school and the white puts his to work. In S. Carolina alone the number of

negro children in school exceed the white children by 30,000. Yet we trample the negro under the foot because of his thick skull! 'Twere better probably if we sat at his feet and learned wisdom in some things. Is it any wonder the Church puts forth every power and exerts all her energy and authority to snatch and protect her little ones from the clutches of the State?

For such a condition of affairs to exist in spite of the millions upon millions spent in the public school system, is an outrage upon the American people—upon the tax-payers. It is enough to make any honest man, irrespective of his creed, incredulous concerning the much boasted and vaunted ability of the State to rear and educate the child. When it comes to education, may God protect us and our children in the future as He has in the past, from the motherly (?) care and solicitude of the State.

The staff have finally determined to take a step which should have been taken long ago. They have unanimously agreed to abolish the custom of gratuitously distributing Collegians to the student-body. The reason is plain and justifiable in view of the conduct of certain conceited would-be gentlemen. The actions of a few students last month were childish, if not ludicrous. To give way to their puerile passions, because certain features of a current Collegian displeased their babyish fancy, indicates a lack of poise, of character, and of all that goes to make a perfect gentleman. Such students are deficient in the mental worth and development necessary to appreciate the toil and labor that is required to publish an issue of the Collegian. Someone should spank such human bits of delicacy and sensitiveness on the wrists. Hereafter Collegians will be placed in all reading and recreation rooms, and in all professors' rooms.

There the free distribution stops. Students wishing a current number for their own personal property can obtain it from the business managers for the small sum of ten cents. Should you subscribe for it as is your duty, if you are able, it shall be placed in your desk regularly every month. We admit this is an unpopular move, but its unpopularity will die out with the income of the new generation of students. The hoary-headed student will of course continue to *agitate*, but his days are numbered.

In the meantime let him meditate upon the words of St. Paul: "When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child. But when I became a man, I put away the things of a child."

Remember thou these things and profit by them.

A new and very pleasant feature was introduced on Low Sunday by the Rev. Celebrant of that day. Instead of the usual sermon, the celebrant stood before us with the gospel book in his hand, and picked out one text after another from the gospel of the day and explained it to us, showed us its relation to other texts and to the truths of our holy religion. The consequence was that the attention of every one was held, and we left the chapel, thinking deeply upon points which had never struck us before. Such instruction generates seed for meditation,—a fruit that very few sermons can claim. The reason is evident. Sermons give great scope for a display of elocutionary and oratorical abilities. The student-body is not slow to recognize that fact, and hence they listen to a sermon with a *critical* mind rather than a *devotional* spirit. Every professor will express his aversion for preaching to students. He knows and feels that his every thought, word, construction, gesture and inflection of voice, is noted instead of the truth he

wishes to expound. This is a fault, we think, very common to all student-bodies. The only remedy, we make bold to say, is the gospel instruction, such as we had on Low Sunday. While it may not be as thorough or diffuse as the sermon, it has the distinct and decided advantage of being a stimulus to thought,—hence, more to a student's liking and progress. Such instruction given weekly has another advantage; it will give a student a more general and practical knowledge of the truths contained in the gospel. It is surprising, to say the least, to find how many Catholic students, even graduates, there are who have but an imperfect and impractical knowledge of the gospel texts and their interpretations. The consequence is that some old country stump preacher, with bible texts at his fingers' end, will often times corner our A. B. "grads." A little effort in the right direction would better such conditions wonderfully, and gospel instruction is at least one antidote. There the student looks for little oratory, and consequently bends his mind to the truths about to be revealed to him. Hence the superior benefit.





CARTHAGENA, MARCH 26, 1902.

Dear Collegian,

The week preceding Passion Sunday was a time of great rejoicing for the S. J. C. Alumni belonging to the congregation of the Most Precious Blood. The Most Rev. Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati had delegated the Rt. Rev. Bishop Moeller of Columbus to confer Holy Orders at St. Charles Borromeo Seminary, Carthagen, Ohio. On Tuesday, March 11, his Lordship conferred the tonsure and the four minor orders upon the members of the classes of '97 and '98. Following are the names of the seminarians that embraced the clerical state: Linus Stahl, Theobald Reitz, Simon Kuhnmuensch, Gerhard Hartjens, Arnold Weyman; Theodosius Brackman, Didacus Brackman, Julian Meyer, Eulogius Deininger, Faustin Ersing, Vigilus Krull, and Vincent Muinch.

On Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday of the same week the members of the class of '95 received the orders of subdeacon, deacon, and priesthood respectively. The newly ordained priests are the Revs. Robert Mayer, Augsburg, Bavaria; Basil A. Didier, Russia, Ohio; Dennis W. A. Schweitzer Columbus, Ohio; Christian Daniel, Reedtown, O.; Nicolas H. Greive, Burkettsville, O.; Bartholomew F. Besinger, Mishawaka, Ind.; Jerome T. Ueber, Heuweiler, Baden.

As there were no ordinations on Thursday, the boys had arranged for that day a program in

honor of the Rt. Rev. Guest. It opened with "Ecce Sacerdos" by the choir. Then followed some introductory remarks by Arnold F. Weyman; Piano Duet, overture to Weber's Opera, "Euryanthe," by Arnold F. Weyman and Vitus A. Schuette; address, The Catholic Missionary, by Gerhard Hartjens; original poem, The Eternal Priesthood, by Vitus A. Schuette; essay, The Development of Church History in the 19th Century by Theodore Saurer; dramatic poem, Weber's Twardowski, by Ildephonse J. Rapp; Haller's "Tu es Petrus", by the choir. The Rt. Rev. Bishop concluded the program with words of praise for the participants, and with a stirring and eloquent address on the dignity and responsibility of the Holy Priesthood.

The program was indeed a success. The music was excellent. Mr. Hartjens address was most opportune, well delivered, and replete with beautiful and practical thoughts. Mr. Schuette by his original poem, a composition of fine sonnets, evinced that the muses who smiled on him when editor of the Collegian, have by no means deserted him. Mr. Saurer's able essay showed the comprehensive grasp and broad mindedness of the true historian. Mr. Rapp's superb delivery of the difficult poem merited the lion's share of the night's applause. Before the rendition of the program there were some misgivings as to its success, especially since St. Charles Seminary cannot boast of a stage. But this drawback was happily removed, since a few of the boys with a bit of taste and good will metamorphosed the spacious study-hall into an auditorium, put up a kind of temporary stage, and decorated the hall no less profusely and tastefully than the S. J. C. stage is wont to be on its gala days.

During the ordination days some 25 priests honored the Seminary with their presence, among

whom the Rev. John F. Cogan '96 of Springfield, O., was not the least welcome. The newly ordained priests soon left for their respective homes to prepare for their first Holy Mass. All the inmates of the Seminary had the pleasure and happiness to be present at the first Holy Mass of Father Jerome Ueber at the Maria Stein Convent, Maria Stein, O.

A long life of success and happiness to the newly ordained workers in the vineyard of the Lord.
ALUMNUS '98.

Reports from Columbus, O., assure us that quite a celebration took place in honor of the First Mass of Rev. Dionysius Schweitzer C. PP. S., '96. Rev. August Seifert C. PP. S., Rector of St. Charles Seminary, acted as arch-priest, Rev. Lucas Rath C. PP. S., was deacon, and, Rev. Adolph Dengler, assistant at Holy Cross parish, was sub-deacon. In the morning Rev. Boniface Russ, C. PP. S., Provincial, preached an eloquent German sermon, in the afternoon Rev. August Seifert C. PP. S., preached an English sermon. Rt. Rev. Henry Moeller was present for Vespers. The evening's repast coram Episcopo was spread before a large number of the diocesan priests.

News of another First Mass reached us from Burkettsville, O. At this place Rev. Nicolas Grieve C. PP. S. '96, was celebrant, assisted by Revs. Gregory Yussel C. PP. S., as arch-priest, Henry Goldschmidt C. PP. S., as deacon, Dennis Schweitzer C. PP. S., as sub-deacon. Rev. Chrysostom Hummer C. PP. S. acted as master of ceremonies. The sermon was preached by Rev. Constantine Vogelmann C. PP. S.

Rev. Nicolas Grieve C. PP. S., '96 arrived at St. Joseph's April 10. For a while at least the class room will be his field of labor.

Through no fault of ours we are unable to give any notes from Mt. St. Mary's of the West and various points in other parts of Ohio and Indiana. We have not heard at all from some of the newly ordained priests. We hope their duties will not keep them from communicating with us in reference to their first Mass and subsequent events.

W. A.



We are almost too timid to venture abroad in the nimble mail of our usual attire while so many formidable guns are roaring and booming, with literary shrapnels spurting and spluttering on all sides, so we are having ourselves newly panoplied with ginger mentality, and expect not to be shot down before we are ready.

Until now, a few burns and sores are all that supply our achings, and we are heartily glad that no one has gruffly wasted a whole load on us yet. But at last we have been trying to sneak and shuffle long enough and can get out of the way no longer, so we will have to take a stand and fight, *Sentinel!* None of your thrusting at our shins, we have a heart and breast big and wide enough for a sword-blade to enter. When some evenings ago you hobbled on to us in our sanctum, you took us unawares, and there, after a splitting circus, we burned part of you alive because you couldn't cast a shadow. But why in that awful night you proceeded to pound our feet first when you prepared to make jam out of our weather-beaten selves, is something which much skull-ripping and brain-raking has not yet helped us to see through. But now, look here, we are no crab or cuttle-fish, and won't take a dressing like sardines either, so without much ceremony we shall proceed to draw that hard knot to complicated tightness, which nature has very incautiously tied between your ears, and if you again swoon away into a fit of sour-livered

spleneticisms, we shall physic you with a spoon full of *lurid* English. That we allowed a college journal to make a successful attempt at the sublime has apparently warped your cerebral atoms, and we surely in nowise meant your journal, for under your garment sublimity would be contorted into a species of fan-tailed oyster. Now, if your head and spleen ever come at variance again about something concerning our extravagant self, then don't forget to procure this kind of beast and boil it hard in the freaky ebullitions of your tumultuous occiput. In the end do not load your gun again with camel's hair and blow them into the eyes of our readers to make them blind to our sincerity.

The lady editors of *Loretto Leaflets* have employed the last recourse of feminine skill to get out their quarterly issue with credit to their ability. A profusion of broad-cast, sound and airy thoughts flit through the number and scarcely allow your attention a respite until you are overpowered. How it comes that a place, where material is so abundant, and pleasing thoughts so rife and numerous, should be content with a quarterly instead of a monthly or weekly appearance, causes us to wonder. Why, *Leaflets*, your readers will scarcely wish to allow any of your savory contents to pass untasted, and such a stuffing abundance of sweets should be fed to them gradually, and thus with more effect. Just now we are sorely at a loss how to express our esteem for the noble work done in the booklet before us, and we would wish that the exman of *Georgetown* had not been slow in publishing that new dictionary of exchange which he has in the press entitled, "Real Good, or Seventeen Ways of Saying the Same Thing."

Since out of regard for the *Sentinel* our vocabulary must undergo an ominous shrinkage, and

there being no ample synonyms to express our hyperbolic idea justly, we are constrained to revert to our antiquated sincerity and say that the staple of *Loretto Leaflets* is good, diligent and tasty work, both in prose and verse.

Our gusty friend from *Georgetown* sailed along in fullblown elegance sure to catch the eye of every library worm by his tempting contents. We are well acquainted and equally as much at home with him in the sanctum as are our wooden tobacco Homer and Xenophon with the pipes lying about them. Much amusement and gay conversation, relieved at times by a bit of ringing and rapid verse, is the character of his entertainment. As we approached the ex-column our risory muscles spontaneously wound up for earnest work and found fully two hours employment. We are no hay-gizzardd Platonic soberists and well know how to appreciate joviality, but certainly would not ask the ex-man to draw such a prickly rose-brier over our own necks as he has done over that of the *Index*. Mr. Ex-man, when your new publication is in the market you may rely on staunch support from our quarters. In the close here we'll "screw our courage to the sticking point" and boldly face the askance eye of the *Sentinel* who is now pointing his gun at us and demanding that we scatter our vanity in smaller parcels, but we implore the liberty to say that the *Georgetown Journal* is unsurpassed in the country. Its stories are as good as those of the best journals, and whatever of solid matter is in it, contains more sense than ever came from "Old Kentuck."

We are grateful for the pleasing reminiscences called up by the *Ottawa Review* from the University in the land of "Evangeline." The critique is shrewd and discriminate, but for older readers it wants freshness in thought and discovery. The

truth is, so many criticisms on that subject have already passed through our hands that we could recite one or the other backwards. Young readers, however, will find it interesting. "Mainly about Books" is readable and informing. By his diligent study the writer has made it a praiseworthy composition. "The Tale of the Burglars" is a little unreal and almost incredible, yet it is equally as good and startling and heart-tearing and blood-vein-chocking as "His Mother's Last Words" in *St. Mary's Sentinel*. An appreciable portion of space is allotted to science, a study in which we are glad to see young men delight.

We find *The Bee* in its busy spring-time labor, and the buzz of its wings has an unusual attraction for our ear at present. How it came to hum out such beautiful and mellifluous verses on "The Angelus" and "St. Charles Borromeo," is a thing that calls on our surprise. Two of the greatest men of the world find room in its gallery of letters, and they are far from being dishonored. "Prussian Tyranny Towards the Poles" is a perspicuous and unique essay.

"Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on!"

Such are a few words from *The Bulletin* taken from an essay on the Founder of the Holy Ghost Order, which, by the way, deserves congratulation on its felicitous execution. "Historic Highways of Pittsburg" and a "Sonnet" captured our eyes next and repaid our reading. The editorial column is ably managed.

The Mount throughout the year has been an esteemed and punctual visitor. Its dainty and various contents has always supported much favor with us, while its standing, though quite respect-

able, has been decidedly improved this year. Should fortune ever bring us to West Virginia, we will know what manner of birds are there at home, and such is only a piece of the interesting knowledge imparted to us by the *Mount*.

We thankfully acknowledge the receipt of the following regular and most valued exchanges: *The Aloysian*, *S. V. C. Index*, *S. V. C. Student*, *Niagara Index*, *St. Mary's Chimes*, *Mt. St. Mary's Record*, *The Xavier*, *The Abby Student*, *The Young Eagle*, *The Fleur De Lis*, *Riverview Student*, *Spectator*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *The Dial*, *The Fordham Monthly*, *The St. John's Record*, *The Echo*, *The Owl*, *The Red and The Black*, *The Gregorian*, *The Viatorian*, *St. Vincent's Journal*, *St. Joseph's Journal*, *Sacred Heart Collegian*, *The Walking Leaf*, *Student's Arena*, and many others whom space excludes.

MEINRAD KOESTER, '02.

ST. PATRICK'S AND ST. JOSEPH'S DAY.

Following close upon the quiet and seriousness of our annual retreat came the jubilations and joyous solemnities of our "double-header" holiday. Festivities opened when Rev. Robert Mayer, C. PP. S., '96, the newly ordained priest, arriving on the evening train, was met at the "Willows" and escorted to the portals of his Alma Mater by an armed escort under command of Aid-de-camp Capt. A. McGill. From then on till his departure on Friday, March 21st, our quiet little villa was his. St. Patrick's Day was spent in various diversions and amusements, especially in preparation for St. Joseph's day. In the evening of the 17th, the Aloysian Literary Society produced the two scene drama, "Tarcisius". The youngsters

acquitted themselves very well of their task, and the short hour and a half spent in the Auditorium was filled with instruction and enjoyment. The play was prefaced by a short prologue and brief sketch of the life of St. Patrick.

St. Joseph's Day, the day of promise, dawned bright and clear. That was to be the day of days for us all, especially for Father Robert. At 8:30 A. M. on the 19th, all inmates of St. Joseph's assembled in the College Chapel. From there the procession, headed by the S. J. C. Battalion, marched to St. Caecilia hall, whence it returned with the newly-ordained priest and assisting ministers in vestments to the chapel. There Rev. Robert Mayer, C. PP. S., read his first mass, assisted by Rev. B. Boebner, C. PP. S., as arch-priest, Rev. U. Mueller, C. PP. S., as deacon, Rev. Hugo Lear, C. PP. S., as sub-deacon. Rev. Lucas Rath, C. PP. S., acted as master of ceremonies. Other clergy present in the sanctuary were, Revs. F. Schalk, C. PP. S., C. Schuette, C. PP. S., M. Hamburger, C. PP. S., Th. Meyer, C. PP. S., J. Jansen of Frankfort, Ind., Jas. B. Fitzpatrick, Ft. Wayne, Ind. The choir, conducted by Rev. J. Henkel, C. PP. S., and the college orchestra, under Prof. B. Dentinger, did full justice to the occasion. The solemnity of the ceremonies was still further deepened by the presence of the thirty six officers in a body and in full uniform. During the mass they executed the various movements peculiar to a military high mass. The sermon was preached by Rev. Jas. B. Fitzpatrick, of the Cathedral, Ft. Wayne, Ind., and a classmate of Father Robert. He seemed to draw an abundance of inspiration from the fact that it was the feast day of our glorious patron, St. Joseph, and that the same day saw the success and triumph of a dear friend and classmate. His

words, as he portrayed the spotless life of St. Joseph and held him up as a model for all priests, were stirring, forceful, eloquent, and, towards the close, pathetic. In the afternoon Vespers were sung with vested choir, and solemn Benediction was given by Father Robert. After Benediction Father Robert stepped to the railing and in simple, pathetic words endeavored to picture to us his great joy and happiness. But he himself admitted that his words were inadequate to express his feelings. He spoke to us earnestly and encouragingly concerning our studies, and the goal of our twelve years' labor. The evening from eight till half past eleven was spent in witnessing the drama, "The Druid's Ambition", given by the Columbian Literary Society. 'Twas rich in action and music, both vocal and instrumental. A more comprehensive criticism is entered elsewhere in this issue. Thus ended a memorable day, and in the "wee sma' hours" of Thursday morning all sought rest from the day's activities. Each one floated into the land of dreams with the thought that 'twas indeed a great and joyful day on which good old St. Joseph's beheld two of her sturdy sons at the goal of their desires—one at the altar for the first time imploring God's graces, the other in the pulpit expounding His truths. W. A.



THE DRUID'S AMBITION.

ON the patron feast of Alma Mater, the C. L. S. brought out the fact more conclusively than ever that when it comes to doing their part in making our holidays enjoyable and successful, they are never found wanting in the balance. The Druid's Ambition was a fitting close to a day long to be remembered by the inmates of St. Joseph's College. It was an evening of rare enjoyment of the drama, music, and song. The rendition of this play fully came up to the expectations of the most exacting, and it is worthy of a place along side the former triumphs of the C. L. S. in the presentation of dramas.

The scene of the play is laid in Erin about three centuries before the conversion of the Emerald Isle by St. Patrick, and at this time Druidism flourished in Ireland. The royal family and the people worshiped the gods Baal, Re, and Crom Cruach. Conor Mac Nesse, King of Ulidia, loses all friendship for the sun-gods, and on this account he will be subject to many trials and vexations, and even death itself at the hands of the Druids. Carbry Riada, Arch-Druid of Ulidia, is the staunch defender of Druidism and causes Conor to be killed in order that he may succeed him on the throne. Carbry sold Aengus, the eldest son of Conor, to the Picts, and they in their turn sold him to the Romans. After twenty years Aengus returns from Rome a Christian "telling of a strange God whom they call Christ." He endeavors to spread the light of the true God to his countrymen and is successful in many cases. The Druids wish to sacrifice royal blood to the gods, but are foiled in their attempt by Dutha del Ulad, who becomes the protector of the house of Conor Mac Nesse. After



Scenes from Druid's Ambition.

a long struggle the Ulidian princes triumph over their enemies, Aengus is mortally wounded, but obtains his dying wish that his brother, Ard-Ri-Laori, becomes a Christian and forgives his enemies. Ard-Ri heeds the advice of Aengus and rules over Ulidia with justice and peace.

The following are the Dramatis Personae:—

Conor MacNesse, King of Uidia	Meinrad Koester
Aengus	{ Sons of Conor MacNesse.. }
Ard Ri Laori..	
	{ J. Bach
	{ W. Arnold
Dutha del Ulad, Ulidian General.....	H. Hoerstman
Anli	{ Nephews of Conor's Sons of }
Arden .	
	{ L. Monahan
	{ A. Linneman
Usna, Servant of Conor's house....	G. Arnold
Carbry Riada, Arch Druid of Ulidia.....	C. VanFlandern
Landerg, Son of Carbry.....	Alexius Schuette
Ollav Fiola, Chief Bard of Ulidia.....	Maurice Ehleringer
Olmulcad, Chief of War, afterwards chief Bard	
	J. Steinbrunner
Maccaldus, Chief of Peace, afterwards Chief of War	
	Ignatius Wagner
Kavaiee, Jailer.....	P. Welsh
Odran	{ Temple Servitors }
Kieran	
Dahi.	
Randwol ...	
	{ R. Goebel
	{ Felician Wachendorfer
	{ J. Braun
	{ Willibald Scheidler

Chanters, Temple Guards, Soldiers, etc., etc.

The impersonation of Conor Mac Nesse, King of Ulidia, was entrusted to Mr. Koester. The gentleman's acting of this part was in keeping with his reputation for dramatic talent, and he made a very favorable impression with the audience. His representation of the feebleness which comes upon Conor Mac Nesse after he drinks the poisonous beverage at the instigation of Carbry Riada was remarkably well done. The hatred, determination, and firmness of character so striking in the Ulidian king were well brought out by Mr. Koester. The most noble character in the play was that of Aengus, the eldest son of Conor Mac Nesse. Mr. Bach, as Aengus, was one of the best among the participants in the play. His tempera-

ment and appearance were just suited to this part. His enunciation was clear and distinct, and his interpretation was undoubtedly a very intelligent and correct one. Mr. W. Arnold as Ard-Ri-Laori maintained his usual high standard as an actor, and he said his lines in a manner that did credit both to the character and the impersonator of the part. The part of Dutha del Ulad, a general in the army of the King Conor, was placed in competent hands when assigned to Mr. Hoerstman. The gentleman made a very creditable impression with the audience as an actor. His work as regards to action and general stage appearance was surely up to the standard. The most difficult character to impersonate in the *Druid's Ambition* was Carbry Riada, Arch Druid of Ulidia. Around this one all the other characters centered and the success of the play depended upon the proper impersonation of this character. To the credit of Mr. VanFlandern it must be said that he gave perfect satisfaction in this role. To give expression to the various sentiments and anxieties with which an old man, worn down with age and infirmity, is imbued, certainly requires a person of no mean dramatic ability. That Mr. VanFlandern was successful in bringing out the peculiar characteristics of Carbry Riada, no one who witnessed the rendition of the drama on St. Joseph's Day will deny. Indeed, in justice to the gentleman it must be said that few actors ever appeared on our stage with so difficult a part to interpret and at the same time merited so much praise for commendable work as Mr. VanFlandern. His work as Carbry reminded us of the dramatic talent shown by an esteemed alumnus whilst acting the character of Richelieu, though VanFlandern's acting was not so finished and refined as the gentleman who played Richelieu. Mr. Ehleringer was seen in the role of Ollav Fiola, Chief

Bard of Ulidia. His representation of this character was true and impressive. The song, "The Heart Bowed Down", sung by Mr. Ehleringer in the first act, was given with sentiment and impressiveness. Messrs. A. Schuette, I. Wagner, and J. Steinbrunner deserve special commendation for the effective manner in which they handled the parts assigned to them.

P. Welsh as Kavaiee and G. Arnold as Usna did full justice to their roles, and added another link to the chain of their dramatic accomplishments.

The two youths, Anli and Arden, were ably impersonated by L. Monahan and A. Linneman. Their acting, and especially their singing was certainly all that could be desired of them.

The rendition of the play in its entirety compares favorably with any play given here in recent years, and its successful presentation is owing mostly to the great ability shown by the Rev. Moderator, Father Mark, in conducting the rehearsals. He spared no efforts to perfect the play in every detail, and how well he has succeeded in his endeavors, all the inmates of St. Joseph's are fully aware.

This drama contained more music than any one given on our stage for some time; in fact, the music was one of the principal features of the drama. The instrumental and vocal music was under the direction of P. Justin and Prof. Dentinger, and it was of a high order of excellence. They labored unceasingly to make the musical part of the play in keeping with the brilliant acting of the participants, and they realized their fondest hopes. The members of the C. L. S. owe a debt of deep gratitude to our music professors for their untiring efforts in their behalf.

It is the intention of the society to give the Druid's Ambition again on commencement. This conclusion has been reached after mature deliberations, for on the one hand we can scarcely make a better selection than this drama, and on the other hand the visiting clergy expressed it as their wish that we reproduce "The Druid's Ambition" on commencement. We hope by that time to correct whatever was faulty in the first production, and will endeavor to bring it one step nearer to the goal of perfection. E. A. WILLS, '03.

MUSICAL PROGRAM AT FIRST MASS.

The College Choir graced the occasion of the first Holy Mass of the Rev. Robert Mayer, C.P.P.S., with an elaborate program, every number of which is a gem of strictly church-like chant, such as can but seldom be heard in these times so musically perverted. With untiring zeal the members of the choir had labored for weeks to contribute their mite to the solemnity, while the two captains of musical industry, P. Justin and Prof. B. Denter, at the instigation of the latter, secretly formed a trust with a proviso of combining their forces, vocal and instrumental, for the purpose of subjugating all foreign territory to the sway of queen music. Everyone that attended the services on St. Joseph's day knows how well they succeeded.

The impressing ceremonies were opened by the procession from St. Caecilia Hall to the college chapel, during which the solemn notes of the antiphon, "Sacerdotes Dei", and the psalm, "Quam dilecta tabernacula tua", rang out upon the fresh morning air. Having arrived at the high altar, the newly ordained priest intoned the "Veni Crea-

tor'', which was continued by the entire student body. Immediately after this the solemn High-mass was opened by the choir with the Introit, which together with Graduale, Tractus, Offertorium, and Communio, were rendered in Plain Chant. Every one of these numbers proved very effective, especially the beautiful Communio, "Joseph, fili David," which is more acceptable to the modern ear on account of its similarity with our G major. After mass the choir sang with fervor "Joseph von Davids Stamm," a most beautiful song by Dr. Fr. X. Witt.

But the one composition which shed the greatest lustre on the festivities, was Witt's Missa in hon. S. Luciae with organ and instrumental accompaniment. This is undoubtedly the most popular Mass by our modern Palestrina. It is loved and enjoyed by all, the musically cultured and uncultured; the Caecilian and Non-Caecilian; by those who enjoy the sweeter strains of Dame Euterpe, as well as by those who are captivated by music *a la mode de Stentor*. What is grander and more urgently prayerful than the third "Kyrie"; what more joyous than the sounds (*sit venia verbo*) of the "Laudamus te" and the "Glorificamus te", the "Et resurrexit" and the "Et expecto"? What more majestic than the "Cuius regni" and the "Sanctus"? And ah! the sweetness of the "Qui tollis" and the "Et incarnatus est"! What earnestness in the "Crucifixus"! I would pronounce this Crucifixus the most beautiful part of the entire Mass. Witt fully understood the dramatic character of the Sacrifice of the New Law, and he is ever dramatic in setting the choir's part of it to music without, however, becoming unchurch-like at any time. He captivates especially by striking contrasts, forceful climaxes, rich modulation; by the judicious use of the accompanying

organ or instruments, which he never employs slavishly, but with a surprising independence; but above all by his originalty in the melodic structure.

The choir was in excellent trim—how could they be otherwise?—and did ample justice to this master-piece. Every part of it was rendered with enthusiasm, yet with the understanding necessary to give it full effect. We heard only words of unstinted praise from everybody. Let us keep up the good work, boys; it is for God's greater honor we are striving. "Per aspera ad astra" shall be our motto.

Certainly a genuine surprise stole upon the congregation when, with the third "Kyrie", the instruments were for the first time heard. The reeds, in particular, did good service on account of the lack of this species in our chapel organ. The arrangement of the instrumentation is the work of Prof. B. Dentinger. Sincere thanks to him for having thus helped to enhance the solemnity of this memorable occasion.

In the afternoon solemn Vespers and Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament were celebrated by the newly ordained priest, during which the choir vested in surplices, took their position in the sanctuary. The antiphons and psalms were sung according to the laws of the Church, the former in Choral and the latter in Choral and Falso-bordone style alternately. The chants for benediction were four-voiced. The "Domine ad adiuvandum" and the "Jesu dulcis memoria" are specially worthy of mention. The ecclesiastical festivities of the day were closed with the "Te Deum", intoned by the celebrant and enthusiastically joined in by the congregation. During the services A. Schuette showed his usual good mastership at the organ.

Rev. Robert Mayer expressed his heartfelt thanks to the choir leader and all participants for the music rendered.

The entire program follows:—

Procession:

Antiphon, Sacerdotes Dei; Psalm Quam, dilecta tabernacula tua.

Hymn, Veni Creator Spiritus.....Gregorian.

Mass:

Introit, Justus ut palma; Graduale, Domine praevenisti; Tractus, Beatus vir; Offertorium, Veritas mea; Communio, Joseph, fili David.....Gregorian.

Missa in hon. L. LuciaeFr. X. Witt.

Song, Joseph von David's Stamm.....Fr. X. Witt.

Vespers:

Antiphons and Hymns.....Gregorian.

Domine, ad adjuvandum.....Caes. de Fachanis.

Dixit Dominus...J. Singenberger.

Confitebor.....Caes. de Fachanis.

Beatus vir.....O. Joos.

Laudate pueri.....J. Singenberger.

Laudati Dominum.....J. G. Mayer.

Magnificat.....J. Henkel.

Benediction:

Jesu dulcis memoria....J. Singenberger, arr. by J. Henkel.

Tantum ergo.....C. Jaspers.

Te Deum.....Gregorian.

L. J.





C. L. S. Wake up, fellow Columbians, and do not let the spring fever take hold of you so soon. An account of the "Druid's Ambition" is given on another page. Perhaps it is the amount of extra work connected with this play that handicapped the participants of the private program rendered March 9th, which was as follows:—

1. Music.
2. Recitation, "The Baron's Last Banquet,"
.....Mr. W. Flaherty.
3. Debate: "Resolved that the Press in United States should be limited." Aff., Mr. E. Flaig. Neg, Mr. E. Schuette.
4. Music.
5. Recitation, "The Captive Knight," Mr. J. Wessel.
6. Comical Lecture, "How the Weather Bureau is explained.".....Mr. B. Holler.
7. Select Reading, "The Blind Men and the Elephant."
.....Mr. L. Huber.
8. Farce, "Sam and Jim", by Mrssrs. J. Braun and P. Welsh.

The farce was a program in itself and was very interesting throughout. The program as a whole, however, was below the standard. But this cannot be said of the following program rendered April 6th:—

1. Music.
2. Recitation. "The African Chief",Mr. R. Stoltz.
3. Debate, "Resolved that the annexation of Cuba to the U. S. would be beneficial to the Cubans." Aff., Mr. S. Hartman. Neg., Mr. S. Kremer.
4. Music.
5. Select Reading, "The Brakeman at the Church."
.....Mr. J. Lemper.

6. Declamation, "Battle of Hohenlinden," Mr. C. Sibold.
7. Comical Recitation, "Hans Breitenstein," Mr. C. Holthaus.

This program though somewhat short was one of the most interesting held this year. The debate was characterised on one side by wit and humor and on the other by evidence of deep research. It resulted in a victory for the affirmative. In our last meeting a question as to the propriety of postponing a program gave rise to very serious debate. This, if carried on in the right way, will benefit the members very much.

In the last week a valuable list of books to the number of fifty volumes have been added to the Society's library.

A. L. S. On St. Patrick's Day, March 17th, the Aloysians again made their appearance in public with the play "Tarcisius". Before the play they prepared a pleasant surprise for the audience in the form of a tableau showing St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland. The play was short, but being so well managed by the Rev. Moderator, Father Liberat, it was an entire success. The impersonation was as follows:—

Dionysius, priest.....	R. Bremerkamp.
Tarcisius, the martyr.....	L. Monahan.
Quadratus, soldier.....	W. Fisher.
Damian } Christians.....	{ M. O'Connor.
Simeon }	{ W. Hanley.
Lucilus }	{ V. Sibold.
Pedro } Steet Urchins.....	{ J. A. Sullivan.
Petilus }	{ J. Burke.
Juda }	{ N. Kellar.
Soldiers.....	{ P. Thom.
	{ J. McCarthy.
	{ J. O'Donnel.

Mr. Lawrence Monahan as "Tarcisius" surpassed all his former appearances on the stage. He played his part well throughout and displayed some dramatic ability. Mr. A. Bremerkamp, who is of the comedian type, surprised the audience

very much by successfully playing the serious part of a priest.

Without a single exception the participants played their parts well. Between the first and second acts Mr. Monahan, who is singularly gifted with a sweet throat, charmed the audience with the song, "Anchored". An encore showed how it was appreciated. Let us hear more singing, young friends.

Marian Sodality. On March 23rd the prefects and consultors of the Sodality met to choose a new secretary and consultors.—The following were selected: Sec., Mr. C. VanFlandern; Consultors of St. Aquino Hall, Messrs. W. Arnold, J. Braun, R. Goebel, A. Knapke, J. Smith, and E. Prior; for St. Xavier Hall, Messrs. R. Stolz, E. Flaig, A. Schuette, I. Wagner, W. Scheidler, J. Becker. A number of new applications for membership was presented and passed favorably upon. In this regular monthly meeting held April 6th, the following were unanimously admitted: Messrs. R. Bremerkamp, C. Holthaus, F. Maley, G. Jackson, W. Connel, J. McCaffry, R. Ottke, W. Lieser, J. Hunt, and J. Miller. After a short sermon by the Rev. Spiritual Director, Father Hugo, the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin was recited after which the Sodality adjourned.

CHAS. A. VANFLANDERN, '03.





When the bugle call summoned the St. Joseph's College Battalion to the armory on St. Joseph's day, "Special Order No. 49" commanded the officers to escort Rev. Robert Mayer, '96, from St. Caecilia Hall to the college oratory.

In the afternoon the officers under the command of Major Arnold gave an excellent exhibition drill in Washington Hall. Artistic decorating of the national colors lent beauty to the hall and pleased the eye of the visitor on entering. The military band was allotted a place on the stage while the audience took seats around the hall. After the drill Rev. James B. Fitzpatrick, '96, an organizer of the military, responded heartily to the call for a speech. His remarks were mostly reminiscent and brought forth much laughter at different times.

Following this, a few indoor races were held under the auspices of the military for the entertainment of the younger members.

The first race was the pie race which McCaffrey won with Joe Miller a close second. Our "Patsy" also carried off the honors in the bun race. The whistling race was next and afforded much amusement for the audience. J. Burke, P. Thom, J. Naughton and L. Monahan came in for first prizes. In the cracker race that followed,

McGill thought he was without a rival, but P. Thom proved an easy winner. Just as the next race was to start, some one told the Sisters that it was time for supper, and the Sisters tolled the bell, while all proceeded to the refectory where a fine spread was served.

TARGET SHOTS.

A military escort was tendered Father Robert upon his arrival March 17, and owing to the absence of the staff officers, Capt. A. McGill, second in command, directed the movements of the Battalion.

Sergeant Flory who left school a few weeks ago on account of ill health has returned in fine shape resuming his regular place in rank.

J. W. WESSEL, ADJUTANT.

HOLY WEEK.

Holy week at the College is always a time of fervent prayer and a strict liturgical observance of the Church's most impressive ceremonies. The majority of the Rev. Professors were absent attending other parishes, viz., Rev. E. Grimm at Michigan City, Ind., C. Hummer at Crawfordsville, Ind., Rev. M. Hamburger, Rensselaer, Ind., Rev. L. Rath, at Columbus, O., Rev. H. Lear at Muncie, Ind., Rev. N. Welsh, at Richmond, Ind., and Rev. U. Mueller, at St. Paul's Church, Chicago, Ill.

On Palm Sunday mass was celebrated by Rev. M. Hamburger; Father Benedict Boebner preached a short, explanatory sermon on the use and signification of the blessed palms, which it is customary to carry around in procession, but which, however, could not, on account of circumstances, be done with convenience at the college. In the afternoon

Vespers were sung by the choir, followed by the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament which closed the day's services. On Wednesday evening after a brief explanation of the evening's ceremonies by Father Benedict the matins, or Tenebrae, were recited by the Revs. B. Boebner, C. Schuette, J. Henkel, and L. Schupp, accompanied by the senior students of both study-halls. The lessons of the office were recited by the seniors, while the hymns were sung by the choir directed by Father Justin. On Maunday-Thursday mass was celebrated by Rev. B. Boebner, Revs. C. Schuette and L. Schupp acting as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. Immediately after mass the sacred Species were brought to a side altar which had been previously ornamented with beautiful flowers and rich draperies, and deposited there. After services the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament was begun, each respective class of the college, praying during its allotted time before the Holy Eucharist. In the evening the Tenebrae were again recited, after which all retired to rest. On Good Friday morning Rev. C. Schuette officiated, assisted by Rev. B. Boebner and Rev. L. Schupp as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. In the afternoon all repaired to the chapel, where the three hours adoration of the cross were performed in common. Two eloquent and pathetic sermons, one German and one English preached by Rev. L. Rath and Rev. C. Schuette, with the Stations of the Cross, select hymns and other prayers closed the adoration. On Saturday morning Rev. C. Schuette again was celebrant, assisted at the numerous ceremonies by Rev. B. Boebner and Rev. L. Schupp. At the Gloria of the mass the organ again pealed forth expressing the pent-up joy of the Church in her exuberant expectancy. Resurrexit!

Easter morn everybody seemed to rise as with new strength and vigor, with the risen Lord. At eight o'clock solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. B. Boebner, Rev. C. Schuette being deacon and Rev. L. Schupp acting as sub-deacon. Rev. L. Schupp preached an eloquent sermon on the glory and majesty of the risen Christ. He exhorted all to rise again from their sins, to be glorious and purified with their Lord, and that at the grand day of Resurrection, they would all rise to a blissful and eternal life with Him forever.

In the afternoon solemn Vespers were sung by the choir after which the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed the services of the day of our Savior's Resurrection.

FELIX DIDIER, '04.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

In this age of enlightenment the thirst for knowledge seems almost universal, and youth holds an important place in the race. Reading is the food for this ambition, and consequently the question, "What books shall we place in the hands of our children," ever recurs to parents and guardians. They need something that will please and fascinate their youthful fancy, and at the same time elevate their minds and build firmly that wall,—character about them. We find these noble qualities in the Catholic juvenile stories of the Father Finn type. Another pearl has been lately added to the long series by Mary T. Waggaman, in her publication entitled *Bob o' Link*. The story is well told and interesting throughout. The light-hearted and hardy young Bob cannot but elicit the admiration of every reader. Although she had seen but fourteen summers, her

wit was more than sufficient for her scheming uncle, and saved her aged grandfather from impending ruin. The piece abounds in thrilling descriptions of rugged mountain scenery and makes one long to live over his romping childhood days. This story contains a good moral, and would be a valuable acquisition to a juvenile library. Price 40 cts. At Benziger Bros. P. A. W.

Spiritual Pepper and Salt, by Rev. Wm. Stang, D. D., is a very excellent book expounding in a simple, clear and forcible style the essential truths—truths that stimulate like pepper and preserve like salt—of the Catholic Church. It is truly a solid and erudite work of apology against our dissenting brethern, and undoubtedly one of the best of its kind in this country. The various topics and chapters treated are short, but abound in striking arguments, which makes them all the more spicy and valuable. Examples and illustrations from practical life, and striking similarities of divine facts in nature around us, render the the arguments clear and tangible even to the most illiterate. Catholic young men, but in particular Catholic students, can hardly render a greater service to themselves and to their fellowmen than by diligently perusing this book and by spreading it among the laity in an age, in which “counterfeits, adulterations, exaggerations, humbug everywhere meet the unwary.” Benziger Bros. Price 30 cts. S. K.

The Golden Lily, by Katharine Tynan Huihson, is a short and well executed story. The plot is laid in London, England. during the reign of Queen Mary, the Catholic. The reader's mind is at once fixed upon the little lad Piers Borrodaile who by his perilous adventures with robbers, saves the life of Sir Anthony a-Dale. The story is interesting throughout, yet the latter part is

more effective in wholesome instructions. Considering the numerous bad publications of our day, we can, without a moment's hesitation, recommend this book to both young and old. Let this book be found in the home of every family. Benziger Bros. Price 40 cts. J. B.

The Berkleys, by Emma Howard Wight, is an attractive story which will certainly please the youthful. It contains a moral with which our young people are none too well acquainted. The story relates of the downfall of a family from wealth to poverty, and the different views which the two young daughters of the widowed mother take of the situation in which they are placed. Dora, the heroine, will certainly elicit the sympathy of the reader, while Pauline, her younger sister, will be rather pitied than condemned for her selfishness. Teddy, the mischief-maker, on the other hand, amuses us by his boyish pranks and the delight he takes in teasing his sister Pauline. All in all, the book is one that can be recommended to our youths in general. Benziger Bros. Price 40 cts. W. F.

True as Gold is an interesting little volume coming from the pen of Harry E. Mannix. Its scene is laid near a mission-house of the Indians, in the land of "Sunshine and Gold". Ramona, a dark-eyed Spanish girl, and the heroine of the story, is kept in ignorance concerning the existence of her relative, but overhearing a conversation of two of her servants in her grandmother's garden, she learns that she has a brother at the mission-house among the Indians. She soon finds him out and together with him her long lost mother, also an Indian. In the last chapter of the book, Ramona is again happily united to her relatives through the care of Father Gaspara, the director, and Mother Ambrosine, the sister superior, at the mis-

sion. The language throughout is instructive, and the plot, though not intricate, is well sustained. This book may unhesitatingly be placed before any Catholic youth. Benziger Bros. Price 45 cts. F. D.

OBITUARY.

On the 13th of March, Micheal Shea, '06, was called to his home in Ft. Wayne, Ind., to be at the bed-side of his dying mother. The sad news reached him by telegraph on the afternoon of the 13th, and he made immediate preparations to be home as soon as possible. He reached home in time to be recognized and spoken to, after which his beloved mother passed away. She died well prepared with the last Sacraments, wishing farewell to all. Funeral services were held at St. Patrick's Church. The student-body wish to express their sincerest sympathy to the bereaved family. Class '06.

Our esteemed friend and classmate, Edward J. Cook, was recently called from the College by the sad and unexpected death of both his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ramer, on March 31, 1902. The funeral services were conducted at Huntington, Ind. Two children, a son and a daughter, survive the deceased. We sincerely condole with the bereaved children, and heartily sympathize with the many friends and relatives in their hour of grief and sorrow. Class '05.

On Thursday noon, April 3rd, Masters Cyriac and Herman Grube, of Xavier Hall, received the sad and unexpected news of the almost sudden death of the widowed mother at St. Joseph's, Mercer Co., O. She was aged about 48 years, and leaves a daughter and two sons to mourn a mother's death. The grief of the lads was notably heightened by the fact that death's call was so sudden, and they had no previous information of their mother's illness. Both went home to attend the funeral services of their deceased mother. We wish to extend our sincere condolence and heartfelt sympathy to our fellow-students and class-mates, and in concurrence with their wish unite our prayers with theirs in behalf of a loving mother. May she enjoy the sleep of the blessed. Class '04.

PERSONALS.

It has been a long time since so many pleasant and agreeable visitors graced the halls of St. Joseph's as during the past month; happily all left pleased, and with the best of praises for our institution. Of the clergy the following were present: Revs. Lucas Gottbehoede O. F. M., and John Wakefer '96, Lafayette, Ind. Rev. Edward Jacobs, Peoria, Ill. Rev. Martin Dentinger, C. PP. S., Pulaski, Ind. Rev. John Berg, Remington, Ind. Rev. Francis Jansen, Frankfort, Ind. Rev. George Hoerstman, Reynolds, Ind. Rev. Julius Seimetz '96, Peru, Ind. Rev. James B. Fitzpatrick '96, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Mr. M. Burke, of Peru, Ind., paid his son James a happy visit on St. Joseph's day.

Miss Kathryn Hildebrand, Delphi, Ind., surprised her brother John on St. Joseph's day.

Mrs. W. D. Sullivan, Delphi, Ind., paid her son John a pleasant visit on St. Patrick's day.

Wm. Fisher was greatly surprised by a visit from his brother John during the past month.

Miss Louisa Heims, of Kentland, Ind., gladdened the heart of her little brother Herman by a visit on March 26.

Little Herman Schmitz, Lafayette, Ind., agreeably surprised his brother by spending Sunday, April 7, with him.

Anselm Bremerkamp, Decatur, Ind., a former student of St. Joseph's, visited his brother Raymond, Sunday, April 7.

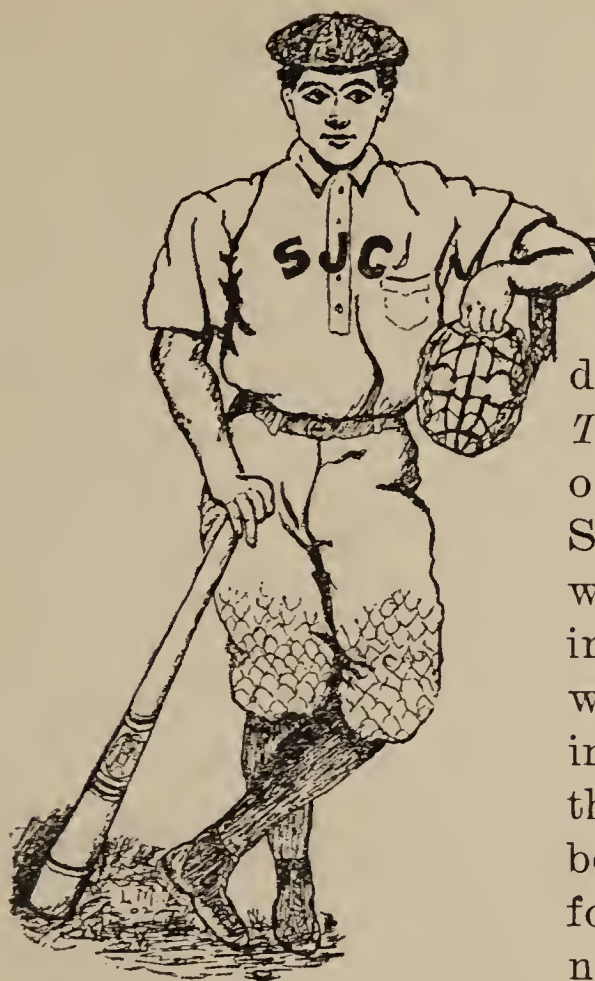
John Jones was made happy by a visit from his father, W. T. Jones, Muncie, Ind., who spent Easter at the College.

Mrs. D. Bryan, Indianapolis, paid a delightful visit to her son Joseph on St. Patrick's day. Mrs. D. W. Braden, of Chicago, Joseph's aunt, accompanied his mother.

M. T. Hanley, pleasantly surprised his son William, by spending Easter in Collegeville. Mr. Edward Connell, of Lafayette, an uncle of William, accompanied Mr. Hanley.

Mr. George Pulskamp, Editor of the BOTE, accompanied by Henry Gayer and Frank Laux, of Celina, O., were the guests of Bernard P. Gast. The gentlemen paid Rev. Father Mark a friendly visit, Saturday, April 5. Mr. Laux was formerly employed as printer on the MESSENGER.

The Wabash College Glee Club, of Crawfordsville, Ind., played at Rensselaer on Wednesday, April 3. During the afternoon several of the students paid us a glad visit and left our walls much delighted, especially so with the fine frescoing and paintings in our halls. J. W. W. '04.



ATHLETICS

It is our pleasant duty in this issue of *The Collegian* to inform our readers that the S. J. C. base-ball team will have new uniforms in a few weeks. They will be made by Spalding, and will be one of that well-known firm's best makes. The uniforms will cost in the neighborhood of seven-

ty dollars. The amount has been raised by soliciting from the business men of Rensselaer. We are happy to state that we met with a very generous response from all of them, and we feel very grateful to them for their liberality. The uniforms will fill a long-felt want, and will come at a time when we are most in need of them, for we intend to play some outside games, and in case we do, we desire to be fully up to the standard in team equipment.

We have received challenges from St. Ignatius' and St. Vincent's Colleges, of Chicago. This is the first time in history of baseball at St. Joseph's that any of our representative teams have received a challenge from a college team. This is indeed an honor, and shows that our Alma Mater is beginning to be recognized by colleges whose influence extends far beyond the narrow precincts of their own halls. We will accept these chal-

lenges, if possible, because games played with such well known colleges would give us quite a reputation even if we should lose them.

At present the most perplexing proposition the management has to confront is, what players will compose the team? Several of the players at the college have been in doubt for some time whether they would play or not, and they are not yet certain that they will play, although things look brighter now than they did a few weeks ago. The representative team will be selected from the following players, the majority of whom have consented to play: Messrs. W. Arnold, Stolz, Hoerstman, VanFlandern, Monin, Wessel, Braun, Welsh, Halpin, Wachendorfer, and Bach. This team is stronger in every department except the pitching than last year's team, and who knows what our pitchers will "make good" when the proper time arrives.

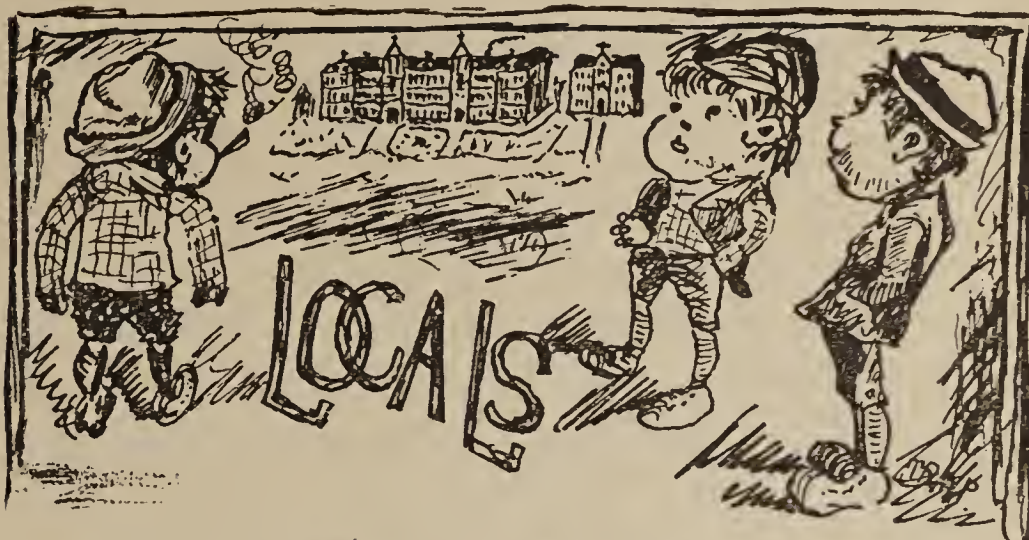
The Victors have found worthy rivals in the organization of a third baseball team in the St. Aquino Hall, known as The Juniors. Heretofore The Victors had an easy time defeating all who dared to cross bats with them, but a game between The Victors and The Juniors on Wednesday, March 26th, proved conclusively that they will have this "snap" no longer. The game was exciting in the extreme, it lasted ten innings, and was won by the Victors by the score of 9 to 8. The Juniors are managed by Clarence Holthaus and captained by Lawrence Monahan. The following is the score by innings and the summary:

Innings—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

Victors—0 0 0 0 2 3 1 0 1 2—9

Juniors—2 0 1 1 2 0 0 0 1 1—8

Batteries, Hildebrand and C. Sibold, Ready and Bremerkamp. Struck out by Hildebrand, 7; by Ready, 7. Base on balls, off Hildebrand 2; off Ready 3. Two Base Hits—Bremercamp, 2, Holthaus, 3, Jones, Fisher, 2. Umpire—J. Wessel. Time of game—2.05. E. A. WILLS, '03.



Vote of Thanks.

The faculty and students of St. Joseph's wish to express sincere thanks to Rev. Geo. Heldman of Chicago for the valuable donation he made to their library, consisting of ten beautiful and valuable volumes.

Peggie:—First on your butter, Sus!

A terrible wind was blowing the front end of this week.

Ludger has taken a relish to novels. O tempora! O Moses!

Apply to Knapke & Son for all kinds of music, chords and discords.

What makes coffee look like dirt? Oscar:—Because it is ground.

Chas. VanFlandern went to Chicago for a brief visit this month.

Vic says his fiddle gave up the ghost (perhaps meaning himself.)

John is jealous of Dahlinghouse. Guess why? Because Dahlinghouse is so tall.

Richard in Latin translated Hannibal ante portas—Hannibal,—before you carry.—

Paddle your own canoe,
Was once an adage real;
But now you hear them say,
Run your own automobile.

Grube No. 2 claims that Xavier can grind out more poetry in one hour than he in a year.

What's that bright star on the lower left-hand side of the moon? Egon:—That's Vesuvius.

Wessel:—We have finished plain (*plane*) geometry and now we must get down to *solid* work.

Ludger prophesies the death of Egon to be most terrible, as he makes so many faces and busts.

Shorty:—Did you fellows hear "Mac's" solo in Tenebrae. Johnnie Sullivan:—No, it was *so low*.

Get together men!—Get in the game! Capt. W.
Play bal-l-l!—One, two, three. You'r out!
Umpire.

Enthusiastic reader:—I see in the paper that there are thousand patients at the "small pix hospotal."

H. Grube thinks he ought to have his clarionet mouth-piece tin-lined, lest it wear out too fast on account of his teeth.

Pat:—Didn't Wessel speak his poem fast last night? Mac:—I should say not! He didn't say it near fast enough for me.

Willibald has found by experiment that the majority of people, at least those sleeping around his bed, snore with their mouths open.

According to promise, the St. X. vote a card of thanks to Manager *Tub* for allowing to the Victor Team his five dollar catching mit.

Muhler:—Let's go fishing

Bryan:—What for?

Muhler.—For fun.

Tub has a reserve force of about a hundred pounds, which he calls base-ball steam. He boiled up on the subject the other evening just before going to roost, and when he cooled down he had his night-shirt on *up side down*.

Grube at lawn-tennis: — What's the score?

Linneman:—Dues (douce) in our favor.

Sus:—I wonder how much Richard put up for that two cent smile he always wears?

George:—Two cents, I suppose.

Benno:—What sea would you like to be in on a wet day?

Remy:—Adriatic (A dry attic.)

Professor in history:—What was the cause of the breaking up of the Old Parties?

Pupil: Because they *broke in two*.

Prof.:—Do transitive verbs in Latin always have an object? Trap:—Sure! Prof.:—Take for example the verb I love. Trap:—Well, in that case I guess it's understood.

A free translation of a passage from Livy:—
“*Alii annales habent P. Cornelium Asinam et C. Papirum Masonem. Other annals consider Cornelius an ass and a paper mason.*” (Doggie)

A poetical sensation having entered the roguish mind of J. Jones, which was likely excited by his reading Longfellow, he exclaimed:—If everybody would eschew all thrasonical conglomerations, their cogitations would demand no elucidations.

The most recent event at Collegeville has been the organization of a Military Co., known as St. Joseph's Volunteers. This company will represent St. Joseph's College this spring. It is the wish of their captain, “Dom”, to make them one of the best drilled companies in fancy and regulation movements that has ever represented St. Joseph's, and, judging from the activity and earnestness of his men, he will not fall short in his expectations.

Sylvester is of the firm opinion that Hannibal was not a negro. His reason is this:—“Livy main-

tains that if the Romans and Carthaginians had been placed side by side with their military insignia removed, Cornelius Scipio would not have known of which army he was the consul. Hence Hannibal's countrymen, like the Romans, must have been white. Rudolph:—"Perhaps they turned white by crossing the hoary-headed Alps?"

From the top of the water tank
A pretty pennant waves;
'Tis the pride of class naught 4,
And over us it sways.

Of our class 'tis a member,
And when we are no more,
Then look at our emblem
Waving our 9teen 4.

'Soph.'



HONORARY MENTION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

95-100 PER CENT.

W. Arnold, E. Werling, E. Wills, E. Vurpillat, H. Hoerstman, J. Braun, P. Welsh, E. Cook, J. Dabbelt, R. Goebel, E. Lonsway, B. Quell, R. Halpin, J. Steinbrunner, J. Baeh, A. Lonsway, B. Wellman, J. Diemert, E. Pryor, M. O'Connor, C. Fisher, C. VanFlandern, J. McCarthy, N. Keller, J. Smith, E. Freiburger, J. Naughton, A. McGill, W. Meiering, H. Dahlinghouse, C. Sibold, W. Hanley, J. Lang, F. Boeke, C. Holthouse, J. Lemper, H. Froning, A. Knapke, B. Huelsman, F. Mader, M. Schumacher, A. Bernard, J. Ramp, E. Barnard, T. Hammes, H. Muhler, L. Flory, E. Ley, J. F. Sullivan, H. Cooney, E. Buchman, G. Jackson.

90-95 PER CENT.

J. Wessel, F. Schmitz, R. Bremerkamp.

CLASS WORK.

90-100 PER CENT.

W. Arnold, S. Hartman, S. Kremer, R. Stolz, E. Wills, A. Schuette, R. Goebel, I. Wagner, R. Halpin, J. Steinbrunner, F. Wachendorfer, A. Scheidler, M. Ehleringer, E. Pryor, C. Holthouse, J. Bach, R. Rath, M. Helmig, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, J. Lemper, J. Freiburger, W. Hanley, F. May, H. Grube, I. Weis, C. Baezkowski, F. Koeks, A. Linneman, A. Delaney, F. Boeke, H. Froning, A. Knapke, B. Huelsman, C. Koeters, W. Flaherty, R. Monin, X. Jaeger, B. Wellman, A. Barnard, V. Meagher, C. Grube, W. Scheidler, M. O'Connor, C. Fisher, J. Becker, J. Collins, O. Hentges, E. Hauk, F. Mader, H. Cooney.

84-90 PER CENT.

C. VanFlandern, E. Werling, B. Holler, L. Huber, E. Flaig, B. Alt, A. McGill, P. Thom, F. Didier, G. Arnold, J. Diemert, E. Vurpillat, J. McCarthy, J. Bryan, J. O'Donnell, J. Naughton, R. Schwieterman, M. Schumacher, P. Carlos, H. Heim, W. Meiering, J. F. Sullivan, J. Braun, H. Hoerstman, W. Lieser, R. Bremerkamp, J. Burke, R. Ottke, A. Koenig, P. Welsh, L. Monahan, T. Alles, B. Quell, J. Wessel, J. Lang, C. Ready, J. Ramp.

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